Boston, June 12, 1843.

Dear George:

107 You are waiting, doubtless, to receive some definite information respecting our removal to Northampton. I have also been waiting to know what word to send you, and have therefore hesitated to write in a state of uncertainty. Ann is considerably better than she has been, and we all think she will be able to be removed to Northampton by the ~~first~~ of July, at which time my lease will expire. In case she cannot be removed at that time so far, an arrangement will be made to take some rooms for her, and mother and Sarah, in Elias Smith's house; but you shall have another letter on the subject, more definite, in a few days.

My calculations now are to leave for Northampton, with my family, on Friday or Saturday of next week — the 23d or 24th inst. Angelette will not go with us; and we shall determine about hiring a girl, when we get to our farm-house. Please inform the friend with whom we are to board, of our coming. Phebe Jackson is exceedingly desirous of spending several weeks with us, if she can obtain board under the same roof. Let me know whether it will be practicable to have the necessary arrangements made. We should be very glad to have her company.

Mother thinks you had better remove all the furniture belonging to her and the sisters, to Northampton, in case they are able to go; but she desires to know your mind on that point.

Olive Gilbert, of Brooklyn, has been residing with us for a fortnight past, and will remain a few days longer. She intends making a visit to Vermont, before she returns home.

We are expecting a visit from sister Charlotte every day.

Our New-England Convention was a truly inspiring occasion. But how did it happen that not a single abolitionist made his appearance from Northampton?

Has our friend D. L. Child left your place for New-York. We have been earnestly hoping to see him in Boston, before he takes charge of the Standard, and trust we shall not be disappointed.

I am still troubled with various complaints. What with my side — bleeding piles — a sore throat, and a cough — you may suppose I need nothing more to place me on the sick list.

Last Tuesday, Dr. Warren made a a careful examination of my side, in the

presence of Dr. Bowditch. He says it is neither a tumor, nor an enlargement of the spleen, but a great distension of the intestinal parts connected with the stomach, and more troublesome than dangerous. Dr. Wesselhoeft laughs at his opinion; and is confident that his own is the correct one. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The examination, though tenderly managed, gave me great pain for several days afterward. I think Dr. Wesselhoeft is near right than Dr. Warren; but Dr. Bowditch fully agrees with the latter.

I see, in the New-York Tribune of Saturday, a very favorable notice of the Northampton Association, from Benjamin C. Bacon, in which he repels certain aspersions cast on its religious character. I will copy it into the Liberator, either this week or the next.

We have had most dismal weather for a fortnight past — cold, wet and dreary. — Have you had any better in N.Y.?

Give my brotherly regards to James Boyle and his wife — to Emily Fairall, (all remain well at her father's house) — and to Catharine. You shall receive another letter from me before I set out for N.

Yours, with overflowing affection,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

George W. Benson,

Northampton,

Mass.